Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, AUGUST 2, 1940. | 77th Year.

THE OAKEN CHEST

By Gordon Philip England

For the Messenger.

(All characters purely fictional)

SUPPER was late that May night in 1870 in Thomas Meade's new, white-painted farmhouse at the foot of the Pinnacle. Susy, the brindle cow, had played hookey at milking time and had hidden in the deep woods at the head of the day pasture high up on the slopes of the mountain. While Mother Meade and Clara and Emily had milked the twenty other cows, Thomas Meade and Harvey and Luke had combed the woods in search of the runaway.

It was not Susy's first offence, however, and she was well versed in the game of hide-and-seek. Already it was beginning to get dark, and no one had brought along a lantern. From far up on the Pinnacle sounded the cry of a Canada Lynx, sending involuntary shivers along the spines of the searchers. Lynxes were numerous, and one never knew when one of the great, savage cats might spring down off an overhanging branch.

"Looks as if it's no use, boys," decided Thomas Meade reluctantly. "That old nuisance is smart as a fox, and although she carries a bell she'll take good care we don't hear it. We may as well go back to supper and continue the hunt in the morning."

Harvey shook his head in disgust.

"That old brindle's more trouble than she's worth," he declared with conviction—"more trouble than all the rest of the herd put together. Well, I guess you're right, Father. I vote we go to supper. I'm hungry's a bear."

The three turned back towards the house, then suddenly Luke stopped.

"Hark!" he exclaimed. "What was that?"

They bent forward, ears strained to catch the faintest sound, but heard nothing.

"It was only the cat, I guess," said Thomas Meade.

"No, no," answered Luke, "it was Susy's bell. . . Wait—there it is again!"

Yes, they had all heard it this time. A faint tinkle, then silence, but it had been enough. Following the direction of the sound, they discovered the brindle in a clump of trees at their left. When she saw she was fairly caught, she uttered a moo of disgust and dashed away towards the barn.

The searchers followed more leisurely. They emerged from the woods, followed a cow-path down through the pasture, and continued on towards the house.

All at once Thomas Meade stopped.

"Listen!" he exclaimed. "There's a rider coming up the road. And he seems in a hurry."

THOMAS MEADE was right. Plainly now one could hear the clatter of the horse's hooves. On, on galloped the rider, until he reined up in front of the farmhouse. Springing from his mount, he rushed up to the door. Even from the pasture, they could hear his thundering knock.

"Something's wrong!" cried Thomas Meade excitedly. "Come on, boys, we must get at the bottom of this!" And he set off at a run.

Quickly his sons caught up with him. Harvey caught his shoulder with a restraining hand.

"Careful, Father," he cautioned. "That heart of yours, you know! Remember what the doctor said."

"YES, YES, MARTHA, I'LL FOLLOW SOON ON HORSEBACK."

It was true that Thomas Meade had suffered a bad heart attack some months before and had been warned against too violent exertion. But Thomas shook aside his son's hand testily.

"Nonsense," he replied impatiently. "My heart's as sound as a bell now. I'll outlast that old sawbones yet. See if I don't."

But, in spite of his assertion, Thomas Meade did slacken pace a little. From the house came a loud call:

"Father! Luke! Harvey! Where are you all? Can you hear me?"

Thomas Meade cupped his hands over his mouth and roared back:

"Coming, Emily! Coming, girl! What in nation's the matter?"

It was not Emily, but the horseman who shouted back the news—tidings that sent the blood racing through the listeners' veins.

"The Fenians! The Fenians are coming!"

Back in that period of Canadian history, the Fenians—members of the outlawed Irish republican organization—were regular bogey men. Already, four years before, Fenians, disbanded soldiers from the Union army, had staged one raid on Eastern Canada which had resulted in some loss of life and considerable property damage. Now, they were at it again!

Thomas Meade and his sons hastened on to the house. They had recognized the messenger's voice. It was Jared Hunt, a retired army captian who lived on a farm two miles away.

"What's this you say?" demanded Thomas Meade incredulously. "The Fenians are coming? How do you know? It's not a false alarm?"

Burly, black-haired Jared Hunt shook his head.

"No, no, Meade, it's true, all right. They've crossed the Border from Vermont and are looting Frelighsburg. When they've finished there, they'll be heading this way.

"I'm after volunteers," he added, glancing keenly at Luke and Harvey. "The men are assembling at Dave Burke's. Will you join us?"

The youths thrilled at his words. Not for a moment did they hesitate.

* * *

"YES, yes," they cried eagerly, "we'll go!"

"And so will I!" exclaimed Thomas Meade almost fiercely. Ordinarily a man of peace, this threat against his home had aroused the lion in him. But Jared Hunt shook his head.

"No, no, Meade," he replied, "someone must look after our women folk. I've sent my wife and daughters to Sarah Geoffrey's, and I advise you to do the same. It's well off the main route of travel, and they should be safe there. . . Harvey and Luke, come with me!"

There was no time to argue. Hastily, while the boys ran into the house for their guns, Thomas Meade hitched up his fast chestnut mare, Nellie. His wife and the girls piled into the buggy. But Mother Meade looked anxiously at her husband.

"But you, Thomas? You'll come, too? If you don't, I'll not stir one step."

"Yes, yes, I'll come, Martha," he reassured. "I'll follow soon on horseback."

Satisfied, Martha Meade caught up the reins and away sped Nellie. By now, too, Harvey and Luke were saddling their own horses.

A lump rose in Thomas Meade's throat as he looked at them, but outwardly he remained calm.

"Good luck, sons," he said.

"Don't worry, Father," they answered, "we'll be all right. And the Fenians will never get to the farm."

Thomas Meade watched the three riders until they disappeared around a curve.

Then, hurrying to the barn, he untied his two valuable workhorses. He led these across a field, over a little brook, and up into a large orchard. He re-tied the animals at the upper end of the orchard.

"They'll be safe there, perhaps," thought Thomas Meade. "And now, there's one more thing I must do."

His heart was pumping hard now, beating with trip-hammer force against his ribs. A grey mist seemed clouding his eyes. But resolutely he summoned strength for a final effort.

He could rest later—after his work was done.

As he drew opposite the horse barn, Black Joe, the only horse left there, whinnied softly. Thomas Meade smiled. Black Joe was his favorite horse—the one he would ride that night after finishing his work.

"All right, Joe," he called. "All right, boy. I'll be there soon."

Again, a momentary weakness caught him, but again he rallied. . . He went on towards the house. . . .

* * *

THAT all happened back in the year 1870. On a sunny June afternoon sixty-eight years later, Dick and Ralph, the Meade twins, sat on the back steps of the old Meade farmhouse, talking things over. Their youthful faces were grave.

"It's the heart-breaking truth, Dick," admitted Ralph sadly, "that we can't go on like this much longer. If Dad hadn't been sick last winter and we hadn't lost that lumber contract we might have made a go of it. But now—"

He stopped abruptly, gave a despairing shake of his head.

Dick looked at him soberly.

There was no use blinking at facts. Things were in bad shape at the old farm. Much had taken place since that memorable night at the time of the Fenian raid—that tragic evening when searching neighbors, coming to see what had delayed Thomas Meade, had found him stretched silent and motionless halfway between the house and the horse barn. He had looked very peaceful in death, and there had been a smile on his face—a smile of contentment. . . . Mother Meade, brave pioneer mother that she was, had gone on with the work. . . But Time had brought striking changes, and now the only son of Harvey Meade owned the old homestead. And Bruce Meade, father of the twins, was slowly recovering from a hard bout with rheumatic fever and still was unable to do much work. The burden had fallen upon the shoulders of Nancy Meade and her eighteen-year-old sons.

The twins had worked manfully, but had experienced a run of dishearteningly bad luck. That spring one of their best horses had broken a leg and they had been forced to dispose of him, then three of their cows had been killed by lightning. . . That morning their parents had called the boys in and had told them:

"Boys, we can't go on like this much longer. Mr. Wilson (a neighboring farmer) has offered to buy the farm at a fair price—enough to enable us to pay our debts and rent a little place in town for the winter. He thinks you could both get work in the sporting goods factory there."

No wonder the twins felt sober. They didn't want to work in a factory; they liked to farm. But what could they do about it all?

"If only we could find Great-grandfather Thomas Meade's lost fortune!" exclaimed Ralph longingly. "Do you really believe, Dick, that that old story was true?"

"Well," answered Dick thoughtfully, "Grandfather Harvey Meade must have known. And he told us, you know, that on the day before the Fenian raid Great-grandfather sold his other farm for eight thousand dollars cash and put the money in a little oaken chest under his bed, intending to deposit it at the bank when he went into town the first of the week. But when they looked for the money, both it and the chest wre gone. And they never found a trace of it."

* * *

RALPH whistled.

"Eight thousand dollars! Boy, what couldn't we do with that? If we had it, we could soon put this farm on its feet again. But whatever could have become of the money? Do you suppose it was stolen?"

"Well, perhaps. But I've always believed myself that Great-grandfather

(Please turn to Page 9.)

WANTED — A JOB!

By M. W. Fox
For the Messenger.

(Concluded.)

IN a minute Kate had it all smoothed out—Joan's problem of how to secure the rest of the paint money. It was simply marvellous, thought the delighted Joan.

"Our maid has gone on vacation for a week, before we go to the country—she always goes with us. So, if you think your folks will allow it you can stay here this week while she's gone. We'll give you each fifty cents a day and your meals for washing up the breakfast dishes and tidying up the house after we leave every morning for our day's outing with the car. You're to answer the phone and door and have supper ready for us when we come home. And we know lots of folk who'll give you each a quarter for the afternoon to take their kiddies to the park—and maybe we can think of someone else who'll pay you to take charge of their children in the evening. We're going right past your place next Monday morning and will take you and your paint up."

"You can write to Max telling him you'll be up then and to have his crew ready to start on the first house on Tuesday," added Myrtle, who was now almost as interested as her sister.

It was two proud and happy girls who returned home the following Monday with their load of paint. In the time of their absence they found Max had changed into an alert 'business man'.

"Guess!" he announced, as soon as he had carried in the paint and informed his sister that she was "all kinds of a brick" and that he believed now she had been absolutely right in what she had said about men out of work degenerating into chronic loafers. "But I've got ten rounded up, mind you, divided into two crews and we start tomorrow morning on Bert's house and the Wordens. I had quite a time, though, with most of them to get them to see the idea of men in their situation working for nothing even to improve their own home town — but they're gradually heating up to it."

"Tell her about the poster you put up. You'd never believe what Max's accomplished while you've been gone—you gave him the bracer he needed all right," and even the usually somewhat placid Mrs. Bartley now seemed all excitement and smiles.

"Just look at this!" and Max unfurled an enormous poster. "I put it up on the outside of the Post Office and I had an answer the next night."

In open-mouthed wonderment Joan read the big hand-made poster:

"THREE HOUSES PAINTED FREE!

Next week ten of Harrisburg's unemployed men will paint three houses free. What patriotic citizen will donate the paint and meet this challenge of the idle men who believe that improving their home-town without pay is better than forming do-nothing habits and giving up to discouragement?"

"Great work, Max! You're a whirlwind when you get started!" gushed the starry-eyed Joan. "Anything come of it, do you think?"

"Anything? Why it hadn't been up two hours before two war veterans living on pensions—not very large ones at that (I'm not at liberty to mention their names) sneaked in the back door and said they were putting up the paint for the whole three. And more than that—if we are still out of work for pay, the third week three of the unemployed are picking up a few odd jobs and paying for paint to do their own houses. So, you see we've a three weeks gratis program on—shining up the old town. And the ten men—myself included, have a sprightlier walk already."

"Even Jack Worden has almost stopped shuffling his feet when he walks," interjected their mother.

The third week the Moncton newspaper got hold of it and came out with an article with a scare heading in big type announcing:

"HARRISBURG'S UNEMPLOYED PAINT THEIR TOWN GRATIS"

It told the whole story, eulogizing the men for the commendable spirit shown and setting the pace, it was hoped, for the unemployed of other towns. But the work of Joan and Aileen in initiating the movement had somehow been kept secret. Only Joan knew why, for she had given the story to the paper one day when she had gone to the city with the Stewarts.

But there were still further results. People began to motor up in the evenings from the city to see the "made-over" village. And finally, Max received a letter—his name had figured in the newspaper article as the leader in this "challenge of the unemployed." The letter read:

"The ten men who did the free painting in Harrisburg may have a three-weeks' job painting cars if they'll work for a dollar and a half a day. On account of the hard times we thought we'd have to leave the work for later, but if you'll work for this low wage rather than not work at all, the work is yours. We admire your pluck."

Of course the men took it. Max had inspired them so by this time with his own spirit of adventure—and even higher motives, that there was no holding them back. And they took two tents along and lived and ate in those.

Then, one night Joan came tearing home from the grocery store with a telegram in her hand—her first telegram. Pantingly she informed the family:

"It's from Max———He's got a steady job———big manufacturing house and the whole bunch have got work down there or—or——near there. All staying. He says it was—was—the story of the free work they did up here rather than be idle that was the reason of it—though they all made good at their car-painting."

A hush of awe stayed by the Bartley family for a good five minutes.

"Well, I got Max in time," grinned Joan. "Before he'd become sunk in discouragement at not getting a job and—developed the loafing habit."

"In a few weeks some of those fellows would have been on relief," grunted her father. "As it was they had all reached the point of blaming the Government for not getting them jobs—and now we see what a little bit of personal pluck and pep can do. But I forgot to tell you, Joan, that last night the Church Board decided to paint the church. They agreed it had to live up to the painted houses."

"It's as infectious as the measles," grinned the delighted Joan.

"Come when you're called,
And do as you're bid;
Shut the door after you
And you'll never be chid."

Maria Edgeworth, (1804)

The Princesses Sew For Britain

PRINCESS ELIZABETH and Princess Margaret of the First Buckingham Palace company of Girl Guides are helping raise $60,000 for ambulances. Both do fancy needlework which they sell to friends and relatives. They also subscribe the pocket money they receive for doing odd jobs in the house and gardens.—(U.P.)

New Short Serial Next Week

"HOMEWARDS AT EVENING"

Tales of a Ruined Palace

THE ruined Palace of Linlithgow was at one time one of the fairest homes of the Scottish Kings. Most of the Stewarts lived in it for long or short periods, and the last of them to sleep under its roof—although for one night only—was Charles the First. What a bustle there must have been before he came, for we were told that the whole place was swept and garnished and repaired in anticipation of his visit. Heaps of refuse round about were cleared away, and the houses near at hand had their turf roofs removed, and slates put on instead! What a disappointment for everyone it must have been that he dwelt amongst them for only one night!

No reigning monarch ever lived again in the old Palace. But King George and Queen Mary, when in Scotland just before the outbreak of the Great War, held a Court there one beautiful and sunny afternoon, in the Lyon or Great Hall. It looked cold and lifeless when we saw it, with its bare walls and no roof; but the strains of a vigorous band came up to us from the park.

And on looking down through one of the great window embrasures we saw a score of lads, each one desperately trying to finish first in a race which was being watched by scores of onlookers. So it was not too difficult to picture the crowds filling the Palace and entering the great hall, where a large tapestry, depicting the Lion Rampant, would enliven the wall above the hooded chimney piece of the colossal fire-place.

* * *

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE and his opponent, the Duke of Cumberland, both dallied in Linlithgow in their passing. The one had a fine reception, being entertained in his hereditary home on his way south, by a band of enthusiastic supporters. When Cumberland passed that way, on his way north, his troops were quartered in the Palace. It was the last night of January, so they lit huge fires. These they didn't bother to put out when they left the following morning—so the ancient home of the Stewart Kings came to a flaming end.

As a rule, Linlithgow is inclined to be a rather melancholy spot. But on this afternoon, as we climbed to the top of a high tower, and saw many boats sailing on the loch below, melancholy was far from us. And that although we were frequenting the very spot where the Queen of King James the Fourth waited anxiously to receive the news of the Battle of Flodden.

It was in the Church of St. Michael, almost within the Palace precincts, that the King had been warned against undertaking this expedition by a supernatural visitor—or so it was thought by the people of that time. As our party stood by the chancel steps in the church later on, our leader read us an account of the episode, and we all looked towards the west door, almost expecting the gaunt figure to appear!

In the town, near the church, is a small statue of St. Michael, and written below his name are the words, "Kinde to Strangers."—Inverness Courier.

FOLK LORE

The rainbow in the morning is the
shepherd's warning
To carry his coat on his back;
The rainbow at night is the shepherd's
delight
For then no coat will he lack.
Old English Proverb.

THE KINDLY TEACHER

Go forth under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings.—Bryant.

* * *

The course of nature is the art of God.
—Young.

A Nature Lover

THERE is a monument in Philadelphia erected to Professor Joseph Leide, the most distinguished naturalist probably ever connected with the University of Pennsylvania. It is related of him that once, having collected a half dozen frogs for the purpose of studying their habits under certain conditions, he shut them up in a box for a little while until he could give the time necessary for his desired observations. Forgetting all about his captives, he left his home on some important errand. When he was six miles away he suddenly remembered them, and, lest they should suffocate because of his neglect, he walked back the whole distance to place them in comfortable quarters. This was told us by one familiar with the circumstances. It seems this regard for all sentient life was characteristic of the man.—Sel.

Pens are most dangerous tools, more
sharp by odds
Than swords, and cut more keen than
whips or rods. —Taylor.

Evil, like a rolling stone upon a mountop,
A child may first impel, a giant cannot
stop. —Archbishop Trench.

GODFREY'S BELL

By Walter K. Putney
For the Messenger.

GODFREY H. was the village schoolmaster in a little European town. He was not well paid for his services but he was satisfied to be doing good to others. He was a man of fine character and beloved by his pupils and their fathers and mothers. Many times the older folk went to him for comforting advice.

The town needed a bell for their village church. There had been a bell installed in the church some years previously, but it was so low toned that it could not be heard at the farther end of the village. So the people were very anxious to obtain a better bell, but they had no money with which to buy one. Month after month passed by and still it did not seem possible to raise money enough from those hard-working peasant people for any bell. What they earned was needed for their own home needs.

One day, as Godfrey was passing by the churchyard, he noticed a single stalk of wheat. It was Sunday, and after meeting was over he and others had talked about some way of raising extra money for that bell which was so much desired. They asked Godfrey to think of something that could be done and promised to help as much as they could.

* * *

SO when he saw that single stalk of wheat, growing near the wall of the churchyard, he stopped short and looked at it. Then he plucked the ripened grains. There were only six ears in all but Godfrey had an idea. He would plant those grains of wheat the following season.

It does seem strange that anybody would think of buying a large bell for the village church, with only six ears of wheat and some of the good people thought it very strange that their schoolmaster should plant wheat in his garden. But Godfrey saved every ear from the first small crop he obtained. The next year he planted all the wheat and had a much larger crop. Soon his small garden had nothing but wheat in it and then Godfrey went to his neighbors with his wonderful plan.

"I can grow no more wheat in my small garden," he told them. "Will you plant some of my wheat and help me? I know that, with this wheat, we can soon grow enough so that we can sell it and buy a new bell for our village church."

Now people knew why Godfrey had so carefully saved those first six ears of wheat and planted them in his own garden. They became very enthusiastic and, after several seasons, they really had enough wheat to sell so that a very fine bell was bought. It was larger than the old bell and had a rich, welcoming tone that could be heard in every home in the village. If you ever go to that little town, you will find that bell in the church tower and, in commemoration of the work done by Godfrey H., you will see, on one side of the bell, a bas-relief representing a six-eared stalk of wheat and the date on which the bell was placed in the tower.

Creatures of Peace in War

METHODS of warfare have altered a great deal since the advent of the 20th century and the substitution of mechanized units for cavalry has meant that large numbers of horses are no longer required on the battlefields of today.

On the other hand, highly trained dogs are used a great deal. In the Great War of 1914-1918, Airedales and collies saw active service on the battlefields of France and Belgium and acquitted themselves with great distinction.

The carrying of ammunition is regarded as being of prime importance in training dogs and some of the larger animals have proved themselves capable of carrying as much as 45 pounds in their harness cradle.

By the aid of a special spool, telegraph wires can be run across broken country. Some of the exceptionally intelligent dogs have been coached in the art of carrying a time-bomb into enemy trenches and then scampering back to safety before the fatal explosion.

It is pleasing to be able to record, however, that the dogs are also trained to take part in more humanitarian work among the wounded.

This consists of taking first-aid equipment and restoratives on to the battlefields and thus supplying the injured with medical aid. Afterwards, the dogs hurry back to the base for help with a piece of the soldier's tunic in their teeth.

At the outbreak of hostilities, it was estimated that the Germans could put 50,000 trained dogs in the field, a canine battalion being attached to each regiment of infantry.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the British and French have never gone in for canine conscription on anything like the same lines as the Germans, there is no doubting the fact that the general standard of dogs attached to these armies today is of an exceptionally high quality.

Pigeons are also used during war time and at the present time it is estimated that the British Government has at its disposal no fewer than 500,000 of these birds, as well as the services of about 2,000 men to handle them.

With the possibility of telephonic communication between the fighting line and headquarters being cut off by air raids, pigeons are invaluable for sending important messages. In addition, they can be taken with attacking tanks and, indeed, with wireless form the only available means of communication between these machines and the base.

Ships and airplanes will also have pigeons with them ready for releasing should their radio sets fail.

In civil work, pigeons may often prove to be the only way of communicating and already many big firms in Britain have arranged for carrier pigeons to be at their disposal.
—Our Dumb Animals.

It is easy enough to be happy
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while
Is the man with a smile,
When everything goes dead wrong.
—Anon.

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.—Sir Wm. Temple.

Northern Messenger

WEEKLY

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions founded by John Dougall, (1855-7). Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger. Present title adopted, 1876

Printed and published by

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving member of the firm)

at 360 Craig St. W., Montreal, Canada.

A Christian adventure for the whole family the Northern Messenger has for several generations been loved by young and old.

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Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

AUGUST 2, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.—I Thess. 5:18

Mon. : As He that has called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation.—I Pet. 1:16

Tue. : Confess your faults one to another and pray one for another.—Jas. 5:16

Wed. : These sayings are faithful and true. Rev. 22:6

Thu. : Praise ye the Lord.—Psalm 150:1

Fri. : I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress.—Ps. 91:2

Sat. : Make a joyful noise unto God all ye lands.—Psalm 66:1

All Christians should realize that fear is a sin from which God is anxious to free them. If we surrender it to God and root it out of our lives we can help free the world from fear.

"With us is prayer—
And joy and strength and courage
Are with Thee."

You cannot cleanse your heart with tears.—R. C. Trench.

"He who gets weary of God has never found Him."

For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.—St. Luke 14:11.

The Dull Family

"YES," said Great-heart, "Simple, Sloth and Presumption turned several out of the way. There was Slow-pace, that they persuaded to do as they. They also prevailed with one Short-wind, with one No-heart, with one Linger-after-lust and with one Sleepy-head, and with a young woman, her name was Dull, to turn out of the way," with their discouraging, disparaging version of the Christian hope, as if the City sought by Christians were a fairy structure on the clouds of a sunset.

Miss Dull must have married Mr. Sleepy-head, for the Dull family are with us, after these two and a half centuries, people who will not take the trouble to think about their religion or to go on with it when a cloud passes over the sun.

They seem unable as a rule to imagine anything in store for Christianity except disillusionment, insecurity and personal discomfort. Even a Great-heart is unable to rally them. Linger-after-lust is bad enough; moral slackness takes the heart out of any faith. But Bunyan knew that the dull, who may be respectable, are in as much danger of losing hope. And what he knew we know to-day by observation if not by experience.—Dr. James Moffatt.

Great things often are done by ordinary folk who have an extraordinary zeal.

Abstract liberty like other mere abstractions, is not to be found.—Burke.

"And the Angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them; and it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these, so that the one came not near the other all night."—Exodus 14: 19, 20.

DID I THIS MORN?

Did I this morn devoutly pray
For God's assistance through the day?
And did I read His sacred Word
To make my life therewith accord?
Did I to all who came my way
Due courtesy or kindness pay?
Did I my thoughts with prudence guide,
Checking ill-humor, anger, pride?
Did I from every word refrain
That could give any creature pain?
Did I with cheerful patience bear
The little ills we all must share?
And did I, when the day was o'er,
God's watchful care again implore?

—*Selected.*

PRAISE

For kindly mother care
About us everywhere:
For father true and strong,
At work the whole day long:
For brothers, sisters sweet,
For all the friends we meet,
We praise thy wondrous ways, O God!

—Author Unknown.

Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your reputation. —George Washington.

Liberty, too, must be limited in order to be possessed.—Burke.

The Course of True Love

"If your brother acts wrongly towards you, go and point out his fault to him when only you and he are there. If he listens to you, you have gained your brother.

"But if he will not listen to you, go again, and ask one or two to go with you, that every word spoken may be attested by two or three witnesses. If he refuses to hear them, appeal to the church; and if he refuses to hear even the church, regard him just as you regard a Gentile" (no longer as a Christian brother; you are then at liberty to appeal to the law).—Weymouth's note on Matthew 18:15-18.

Four Remedies For Depression

1. Joy. Not gloom and despondency. In these trying days people are studying the faces of Christians.

2. Liberality. You don't have to be rich to be liberal. The richer you are the harder it is to be liberal, and the stingier in proportion are your gifts apt to be. Wise economy is generosity's handmaid. But avoid that "poverty complex." In time of scarcity God's people are royal givers.

3. Peace. Freedom from anxiety. The divine antidote for anxiety is found in Matthew 6:24-34; and especially in Philippians 4:4-7.

4. Faith in God. His good promise, more dependable than a Dominion Banknote, secures those who trust Him and venture out on His word. "My God shall supply every need of yours according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus." (Phil. 4:19)—'Word and Work'

Are we as Christians working to make our lives, our homes, our businesses, our jobs, our communities, our nations, a pattern for peace—an example to the world?

Young People's Bible Reading

"The Glory of God"

For Sunday
Aug. 11, 1940.
Psalm 19.

By BARBAN

WE cannot open our Bibles without perceiving that the Hebrew people had a great love of nature. Between the first chapter of Genesis with its grand survey of the Creation and the last chapter of Revelation with its vision of "the river of the water of life clear as crystal," and the tree of life whose leaves are "for the healing of the nations" there are numberless lovely pictures of the wonders and beauties of the world.

To the Hebrew the grand and glorious thing about Nature was that it was God's handiwork and a medium of His revelation to men.

"The Hebrew poets have no pleasure in nature for her own sake; they value her only as she speaks of the invisible presence of God. . . . While God uses nature to make known His presence and power, He is high above it." (Dummelow)

The 19th Psalm is one of the great "Nature Psalms." It is attributed to David and may very well have been written by the minstrel-king.

We know that David's knowledge of God was far short of our Revelation. Many centuries were to pass before men could recognize "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jsus Christ."

And God has opened up the wonders of His universe to mankind marvellously since David's time. The science through which we penetrate space and weigh and measure and analyze the sun and stars is a gift of God to men. But we are foolish indeed if we let this gift of God blind us to the Giver of it and of all things.

God comes near to us in Nature. Nature is "the garment of God." It is as necessary for us as it was for David to lift our eyes to the heavens. All the centuries will not exhaust the great tthings they have to tell us.

"The heavens are telling"

THE heavens declare the glory of God.—"The 'clouds' and 'heavens' are used as interchangeable words in those Psalms which most distinctly set forth the power of God." (Ruskin) Read some of the many Psalms in which the clouds are mentioned. (36:5; 57:10; 68:34; 78:23; 97:2; 104:3; 105:39; 108:4; 147:8) 'It is pure, plain accurate truth, and it describes God, not as revealing Himself in any peculiar way to David, but doing what He is still doing before our own eyes day by day." (Ruskin)

O THOU Creator of all worlds! the earth is full of Thy goodness. On all sides, above and beneath, are the proofs of Thy wisdom and power. All Thy works praise Thee; and the whole creation tells of Thy loving-kindness. May we also praise Thee and love Thee. May the sun remind us of Thy glory, the moon and the stars at night of Thy care. May the rain that falleth alike on the evil and the good assure us of Thy bounty. May the fruits of the earth that nourish us, quicken us to feel and acknowledge Thy fatherly care; so that Thou mayest be in all our thoughts. And enjoying so much at Thy hand, may we seek to imitate Thy love and goodness by doing good to all around us in the Spirit of Jesus. Amen.—From 'A Book of Song and Service'

Think of all nature in this way as the work of God.

The clouds teach of God by their beauty,—even the rain cloud and the storm cloud are beautiful. They teach of God by the way they protect the earth from the terrible heat of the sun. They teach of God by the way that God stores the rain in them till the time comes for it to descend and refresh the earth.

The firmament.—Heb. "expansion." Gen. 1:6: "Dividing the water from the waters." The atmosphere dividing the clouds from the streams and seas.

Day unto day uttereth speech.—An old version has it, "One day telleth another: and one night certifieth another."

"O ye Nights and Days, bless ye the Lord: praise Him and magnify Him for ever,
O ye Light and Darkness, bless ye the Lord: praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

(From the traditional song of the three young men in the fiery furnace. Dan. 3)

Perhaps one of the troubles with the world today is that men have shut their ears to the grand voices of Nature which speak to us of God.

Their voice is not heard.—Their witness though silent is none the less impressive.

Their line.—"Their measuring line, marking off the region to which the message of the skies comes." (Dummelow) Their message is world wide.

The Septuagint (Ancient Greek translation of the O.T.) has "their sound." This is the version followed St. Paul. (Rom. 10:18)

Tabernacle.—A tent. Note the grand imagery in vv. 4 and 5. Perhaps the Psalmist is thinking of the sunset clouds as a gorgeous pavilion, or perhaps of the dark night sky as like the black camel-hair tent of the Bedouin chieftain.

Like a bridegroom.—Bridegrooms in our Western countries dress very plainly. In the East they put on their most splendid raiment.

"The comparison suggests the vigor and beauty of youth as well as the splendor of wedding attire." (Dummelow)

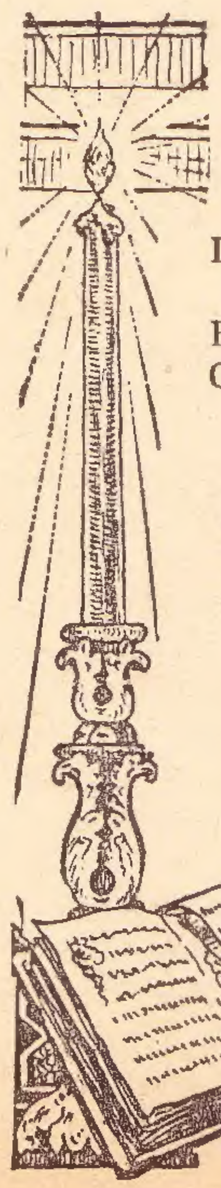
A race—or "his course." From East to West, the two "ends" of heaven (v. 6) This is the great race which the sun runs every day.

Nothing hid.—"Another way of putting the universal scope of the sun's testimony." (Dummelow)

"The sun that giveth light looketh upon all things and the work thereof is full of the glory of the Lord.' (Ecclus. 42:16. Apocrypha)

The Psalmist personifies the sun as a hero, great in strength and beauty. Many heathen religions have done the like. But in the Hbrew imagery you know all the time that it is a poetic "personification." You never lose sight of God in His works. You know that great and wonderful as the sun, the

(Please turn to Page 8.)



Memory Verse

**Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart
Be acceptable in thy sight.
O Lord, my rock, and my redeemer. —Psalm 19:14**

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon.—Psalm 19:1-6
Tue.—Psalm 19:7-14
Wed.—Psalm 8:1-9
Thu.—Acts 17:22-28
Fri.—Eph. 3:14-21
Sat.—Deut. 33:26-29
Sun.—Psalm 148:1-14.

"What Happened in 1809?"

AT one time Lady Simon was unable to open a bazaar, having just come home after a serious operation. Though he could only spare a few minutes, Sir John Simon volunteered to take her place.

From her sick-bed Lady Simon whispered: "I would have talked to them about battles and babies, and would have asked one question: What happened in 1809?"

So on that text Sir John preached, in connection with a School for Mothers, a delightful little sermon. There was a battle in 1809, and many other stirring events. But, he pointed out, Alfred Tennyson was born in that year; also W. E. Gladstone, and Charles Darwin, and Abraham Lincoln and, he believed, Mendelssohn and Wagner.

Surely the bringing into the world of such new creatures meant far more than the din, fierceness, violence and fury we associated with most of the great events recorded in history books. —Christian World.

Knowledge thou hast lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need;
Give us to build above the deep intent,
The deed, the deed.

—John Drinkwater.

KEEP FIT

"Anything done to further the difficult maintenance of national health is a valuable contribution to Canada's war effort."

"Dirt is the favorite haunt of flies, and where there's dirt, there danger lies."

Learning to swim should come more or less naturally to young people, and it is necessary only to suggest that the novice learns to overcome fear and to lie flexibly in the water before he attempts to become a proficient swimmer.

Hang On To Your Canoe

THE canoe, a favorite adjunct to the ideal holiday, is fairly safe except in a heavy sea; but an expert's advice and instructions should be studied, and one should become really proficient in handling such craft before setting out on any extended trips.

But, should your canoe upset, even though you be a fairly proficient swimmer, don't swim away and leave it. Every year lives are lost because canoeists have attempted to swim to shore after an upset, instead of hanging onto the craft until rescued.

How long should you hang on awaiting rescue? Well, say three days and three nights, at least, if you're forced to; but usually someone will haul you out long before that.—Health.

SUMMER JOY

The summer days are come again;
Once more the glad earth yields
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,
And breath of clover fields.
And deepening shade of summer woods,
And glow of summer air,
And winging thoughts and happy moods
Of love and joy and prayer.

The summer days are come again;
The birds are on the wing;
God's praises, in their loving strain,
Unconsciously they sing.
We know who giveth all the good
That doth our cup o'erbrim;
For summer joy in field and wood,
We lift our song to him.

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

"GLORY OF GOD"

(Continued from Page 7.)

stars and "the heavens" are, God is infinitely greater. They are His "handiwork."

"THE LAW OF THE LORD"

THE Psalmist has been telling of the wonders of God's works, now he suddenly moves to the contemplation of the wonders of His Law. There is a wonderful unity and balance in the structure of the Psalm.

Nature with all its beauty and grandeur is strange and puzzling but for the revelation of God in the Scriptures and in our own hearts. The philosopher Immanuel Kant, said that two things filled him with wonder, "the starry heavens above and the moral law within."

So David sings of the Law. "The word Law (torah) means 'teaching' or 'instruction' and describes not only the Law of Moses but all the commandments of God." (Dummelow)

Converting.—R. V. restoring. The soul—the life.

Enlightening the eyes—imparting refreshment and vigor as Jonathan's eyes eyes were "enlightened" when he refreshed himself with the honey (1 Sam. 14:27, 29) A sick man's eyes are dull, returning health brightens them. (See Psalm 13:3)

The fear of the Lord.—Another expression for the Law which leads us,—not to be afraid of, but to reverence God. Clean.—Pure and purifying the life.

Enduring for ever.—As expressing God's eternal righteousness.

There are many changes in the world, but God never changes. He is "the same, yesterday, today and for ever." (Heb. 13:8)

"O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me."

And His Law is the same,
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.

(Kipling)

Let us say, like Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

"ACCEPTABLE IN THY SIGHT"

THE honeycomb.—"Rather, the droppings of the honeycomb,' the purest of the honey." (Dummelow)

Great reward.—We do not do right, as Carlyle says, "for the sake of sugar plums in this world or the next." But rewards of many sorts come to those who follow God's law.

Sometimes material "rewards" do come, but these are not the chief thing. There is fellowship with God, there is the privilege of helping others, there is the thrill of being "on the Lord's side" in the great battle that is ever going on, there is the eye opened to the loveliness of nature, there is delight in all that is noble (Phil. 4:8) in history, in music, in art, in literature, and many other things, all gifts of God, "Who giveth us richly all things to enjoy." (I Tim. 6:17; James 1:17)

Who can understand his errors.—The Mosaic Law sharply distinguished between sins of ignorance and "presumptuous sins", those that were committed deliberately. (Num. 15:22-26, 30, 31)

Long ago when I was a very small boy I asked my mother "what people said when they knelt down on coming into church?" She gave me the last verse of this Psalm as a little prayer that I could say.

Strength.—Heb. 'Rock'. See Psalm 18:1, 2 and many other passages. Also Hymns "Rock of Ages" and others.

Redeemer.—The same word that we had in Job. Vindicator, one who sets free.

The concluding verse is like a summing up of the purpose of the whole Psalm. Consideration of God's works and of God's Law are intended to bring the life into harmony with Him.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight,
O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer.

QUESTIONS

1. In what two ways does the Psalmist say that God speaks to us?
2. The heavens declare—. Complete the verse.
3. What does the Psalmist mean by God's works "uttering speech"?
4. How does he speak of the sun?
5. The Law of the Lord—. Complete the clause.
6. What does the Psalmist mean by "converting the soul"?
7. More to be desired—. Complete the clause.
8. Let the words—. Complete the verse.

THE OAKEN CHEST

(Continued from Page 2.)

hid the chest before he died so that it would be safe from the Fenians. A thief would scarcely have taken the chest as well as the money."

Ralph thought that over.

"Maybe you're right, Dick," he answered. "I vote we have one more good, hard look for it, anyhow."

"A good idea," approved Dick. So, the twins began a systematic search. They started with the barns, delving into every nook and cranny, then turned their attention on the old farmhouse. But, although they searched it from attic to cellar, they found no sign of the chest or money.

Finally Ralph said despairingly:

"It's no use, Dick, old fellow. The money's gone, and that's all there is to it. And I'm afraid the farm must go, too."

From that day on Ralph seemed to lose interest in the work on the farm. He did his part of the tasks almost mechanically. But Dick, of a more optimistic nature, refused even yet to abandon hope. He went ahead as if he expected to farm that particular farm for years.

"Tell you what, Ralph," he remarked one morning, "that old orchard is a disgrace. With some of the trees down and several others dying, it's a blot on the landscape. I'm going to clean out all the worthless stuff."

"Why bother?" asked Ralph. "Let the next owner of the farm do it."

But Dick only squared his shoulders and set at work.

* * *

CLEARING out the old dead trees was no easy job, but steadily the work progressed. . . . At the upper end of the Orchard was a large butternut tree, which had blown down during a strong windstorm that spring. Some of the roots were only partly broken off, so Dick cut these away with an axe. He was working with an iron bar in an attempt to dislodge a broken root, when, all at once, he struck something hard. He dug around the object. . . Suddenly he uttered a loud whoop.

"Ralph!" he yelled. "Come quick! See what I've found!"

Ralph, on the veranda, heard his shout, and hurried to the spot. He stared, fascinated. For there, right before his eyes, lay a small brass-bound oaken chest!

"The money chest!" gasped Ralph. "Just as Grandfather Meade described it. Great-grandfather Thomas Meade must have brought it here and buried it; then, before he could tell anyone, his heart gave out."

"Yes," agreed Dick, "the work and excitement proved too much for him, but he didn't pass out until he had finished his work. Those old pioneers never did things just half way."

The twins stared again at the oaken chest, mute evidence of Great-grandfather's heroic effort to guard his property from the covetous hands of the plundering marauders. In imagination they saw their ancestor digging the hole, burying the chest, then making his way back towards the house.

Finally, rousing from their reverie, the boys carried the chest back to the farmhouse.

"Shall we tell Father and Mother before opening it?" asked Ralph. "It would be a dreadful disappointment to them if the money wasn't there, after all."

"But I'm sure it is here," declared Dick stoutly. So Ralph yielded, and they took the chest into the living room, where Bruce Meade sat in a deep armchair with his wife reading to him.

"See what we've found!" cried the twins. . .

* * *

AFTER the first flush of excited conversation had died down, Bruce Meade told Dick to bring a chisel and hammer, as the key to the chest had been lost years before. . . Snap! The rusted old lock gave way, and the lid yielded.

A gasp of relief burst from the eager watchers.

For Dick had been right. The money was there. Eight thousand dollars in gold and in large denomination bank notes of a still nationally chartered bank.

"Hurrah!" shouted Ralph, and all echoed the cheer. What a difference this would make in the family fortunes!

"And it's all Dick's doing!" added Ralph. "If he had given up as I did and hadn't gone on with the work, we would never have found the lost money."

"Oh, well," returned Dick, "even when things looked darkest I had a hunch that we'd come out right-side-up in the end."

"I wish Great-grandfather Thomas Meade knew about this," said Bruce Meade slowly. "How pleased he'd be."

They glanced at a portrait on the wall. And Great-grandfather Meade seemed to smile right back at them.

Who knows? Perhaps he did know, after all!

Message from British Mayors

The Lord Mayors of four principal cities in Britain have issued a remarkable message of encouragement to the British people in their time of trial. We quote from the message:

MORALE—HOW TO PLAY YOUR PART

FORGET YOURSELF in helping your neighbors. In days of tension this casts out your own fears and worries. Help them to carry out all instructions about air raids, evacuation, rationing and waste. (Important factors in British civilian life just now.)

KEEP THE SPIRITUAL AND MORAL STANDARDS OF THE NATION HIGH. Don't weaken the home front by trying to wangle something for yourself on the quiet. Make a break with all personal indulgence, selfishness and private wars, which undermine national morale and unity.

BE A RUMOR-STOPPER. Those who love their country sacrifice the luxury of being the ones to pass on the "news". Any patriot shoots a rumor dead on sight. Face the facts, but don't exaggerate them. Prepare to meet them instead. Faith, confidence and cheerfulness are as contagious as fear, depression and grumbling.

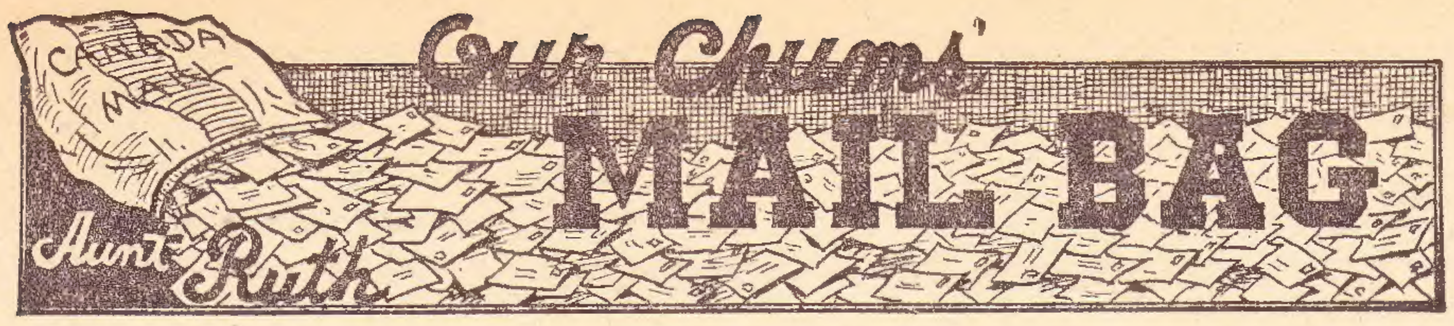
THE SECRET OF STEADINESS and inner strength is to listen to God and do what He says. God speaks directly to the heart of every man and woman who is prepared to listen and obey. His voice can be heard wherever you are—in home, in factory, in an air raid shelter, in a first aid post.

FOREARM YOURSELF by listening to God the first thing every morning. This provides a clear plan for each day and the power to work with other people in complete unity. In the time of listening, God takes away fear and fortifies against uncertainty, hardship or bereavement; He gives foresight and cool judgment; He offers limitless reserves of energy and initiative.

ISSUED BY:—

The Lord Mayor of York, The Lord Mayor of Sheffield,
The Lord Mayor of Hull, The Lord Mayor of Nottingham.

(Hang this up in your home.)



DEAR CHUMS,—

We are just about at the peak of the summer now when the weather-man really gets a chance to show how hot he can make it for us. It's grand weather for all those who can get in a lot of swimming. And please note the article on Page 12 about getting too much sunburn at one time. It can ruin a holiday for you or at least make it much less enjoyable than it might have been. Note also that people who are learning to swim should take it easily and get to feel perfectly confident and at home in the water first of all. Don't try any long swims until you feel sure of your "floating power." Then you can loaf along and rest yourself in the water. And don't pay any attention to people who "dare" you to do things. It's better to stand a little chaffing good-humoredly than to risk doing anything unnecessarily dangerous. Holidays were meant for fun and relaxation. So steer an even course and enjoy yours as much as you can.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

To Ethel Varnay from Margaret Weldin

Dear Ethel,—I saw your letter in the Chums' Page and since you are the same age as I am I decided to write to you.

I have two brothers younger than myself. I live in a small town in Nova Scotia. The population is about nine thousand.

My birthday is in August and I will be thirteen. I will be waiting to hear from you. Your new pen pal,—Margaret Weldin.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums—I have been reading the Northern Messenger for many years and have enjoyed the Chums' page. I was very interested in your Dominion Day contest.

I am fifteen years old and will be sixteen on July 13. I am five feet six in. tall, have brown hair and brown eyes. My hobbies are reading, drawing and painting, sewing and nature study. I really had intended writing to your page before but kept putting it off. That is a sad mistake I am not going to make any more—at least I'll try.

I would love to own a Maple Leaf Badge so I have written down what I would say if someone asked me what my country means to me. I think like many others I cannot write all I think of my country.

I will be glad to hear from any Chums and will answer all letters.—A new Chum,—Geraldine Clarke, Que.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to your page. I was fourteen yrs. old on April 11th 1940.

My favourite sports are sleigh-riding knitting, embroidering and reading. I like reading L. M. Montgomery's books. I have one brother and one sister. My sister's name is Kathleen (Kay) nickname and my brother's name is Lawrence. I sent some riddles to the Chum's Riddle contest this spring. Well this is all for now. Hoping to hear from a chum of my own age. Your New Chum, — Marion Gladys Malcolm, Que.

Dear Grace (Hilborn)—I saw your letter in the Messenger and was pleased to see that you answered my letter so soon. I tried to do the same but I haven't succeeded very well in doing so. I hope you will forgive me now as I have been busy.

My weight is the same as yours, and my hair and eyes are also brown like yours, but I am a little bit taller.

It is a busy time now on the farm as there is lots of work to do.

We have had some very hot days lately.

Did you pass your exams this year? I hope you did. I am glad school is over for now—I suppose you are too.

We have a nice little colt. It is black with a white stripe down its forehead. It is a nice pet.

Well I haven't much news this time. I think I will close for now. Please don't forget to write. Your Pen Pal—Phyllis Campbell Ont.

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This Week's Star Correspondent

MARJORIE MERRITT

Honorable Mention

Margaret Weldin

* *

FAIRY SHOPPING

Eleanor Hammond

WHEN fairy ladies a-shopping go
Do they sit on mushroom stools
In front of counters of laurel leaf
Near mirrors of dewdrop pools?

Do they buy lace leaf for their Summer frocks
And take a long time to choose
Among the blue-bell and fox-glove hats
And the little brown acorn shoes?

—Child Life.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—May I join your interesting page? Several times I have started a letter but have, as yet,never finished one.

I am 17 years of age and graduated from the Commercial Department of High School last June.

My hobbies are I think interesting and varied. I love making scrapbooks so I collect picture postcards; newspaper clippings of all kinds, especially "Today's Talk" by George Mathew Adams and "Just Folks" by Edgar A. Guest; nature pictures;calendar picures; photographs which I take myself; and best of all I have a Royal scrapbook entitled "Royalty and Loyalty". It contains over 780 pictures dating as far back as 1911, when King George V and Queen Mary were crowned and concludes with the Royal tour.

I delight in drawing and painting and in all kinds of handicraft and have won quite a few prizes in hobby fairs.

As I am working now I do not get much time for reading, but I am very fond of L. M. Montgomery's books. My favorite sports are skating, swimming and boating.

Before I start my Dominion Day story, I would like to give all the chums my best wishes and hope everyone has a happy holiday. Just another Chum, —Marjorie Merritt

(A letter on "What Dominion Day means to Me" was enclosed.A. R.)

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I have just read your page and saw what nice letters the Chums wrote, and I thought that I would like to join.

I have four sisters and two brothers. I am 11 years of age.

I live on a farm. I tend two flocks of chickens and a flock of hens. We keep horses, cows, pigs and hens and chickens. My favorite animals are horses. We have a pony that we drive to school. It is brown and its name is Peggy.

I must close for now hoping to hear from some of you.—Doris Mae Wellwood.

Gaga Goose and the Ant

By Montgomery Mulford
For the Messenger.

"NOW GAGA GOOSE WENT OUT ONE DAY,
TO SEE THE ANTS AT WORK AND PLAY;
AND WHAT HE FOUND WE HERE RELATE,
THAT YOU MAY LEARN OF GAGA'S FATE!"

GAGA GOOSE had been wandering about the meadows for a long time when he came to a small hill. On top of the hill stood a big black ant. The ant was looking down and watching Gaga.

"What's up there?" asked Gaga.

"My home," answered the ant. "I live under the hill and way, far down in the ground."

"I would like to see your home," said Gaga, who was curious about everything.

"You are much too large to go down," the ant declared. But Gaga waddled up the hill just the same and came to the top huffing and puffing, all out of breath. It was a big hill for little Gaga to climb. And all he saw was a hole in the ground just big enough for the ant to go in.

"I told you so," said the ant, as Gaga looked around him. He had climbed the hill for nothing. But then he was a curious fellow, and was always looking into everything.

"I will race with you," the ant said all at once.

Gaga laughed then, for he felt that he was so big he could easily beat the little ant. Why, Gaga could take one step while the ant would have to run many steps to keep up.

"I will race with you just the same," said the ant. "We will start and go down hill."

The ant turned and started to run down the hill and Gaga, watching him, turned to follow. But Gaga was not such a light creature, and as he stepped upon the hill he stumbled and went rolling over and over, down, down that hill!

When he landed at the bottom he picked himself up and saw the ant far ahead, scurrying across the meadow. Gaga started after him at once. He was soon catching up with the ant and the goose called out: "Here I come, so watch out!"

"You still think you can beat me?" asked the ant, and suddenly he disappeared under the grass. Gaga stopped and looked all around, very puzzled. Then the ant came up.

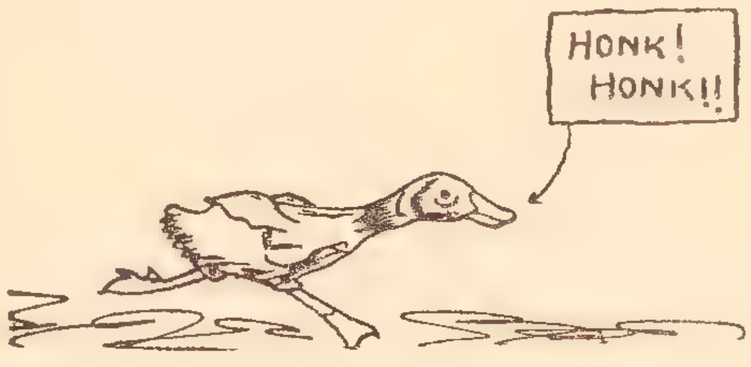
"Here I am!" and the ant, saying that, started to run again. Gaga was after him on the instant and they scampered all about the meadow, this way and that way, because the little ant ran in all sorts of directions. And so Gaga ran until he ran right out of breath!

AND when Gaga was out of breath he paused and sat down and said: "Oh dear! I can not run any further!"

So the little ant came up to Gaga and it was the ant's turn to laugh. The ant was not in the least out of breath.

"You see," the ant said, "you must never think you can do everything and be so sure of yourself!"

Gaga looked sadly at the ant who had run faster after all. The ant said: "You were so curious and so sure of yourself—and now you are out of breath!"



"GAGA RAN TILL HE RAN RIGHT OUT OF BREATH"

There Gaga sat, for he had not enough wind to do anything else, and had to admit that he could not do everything, and that the little ant was certainly a faster runner than he ever could be!

"Just be happy the way you are, and don't try to do everything," said the ant as he hurried away, leaving Gaga to think about what he had been saying.

"Hmm," thought Gaga, "I guess it would be better if I returned home where I belong, and wasn't so curious about everything all the time!"

THE SAME TRIP

"HOW many of you took western trips this summer?" Miss Waring asked.

It was the first day of school, and the fourth grade pupils were telling vacation experiences.

Two hands went up at her question.

"All right, Bruce, tell us some of the interesting things you saw."

"Why, mountains, and the ocean, and some swell bridges—the highway was swell, too. Daddy made better than fifty, most of the time."

Bruce seemed to have exhausted his information, so Miss Waring turned to Peter.

"What did you see that was interesting, Peter?"

"Buffalo Bill's ranch where he used to keep his show in winter, was one thing. The big barn has 'Scouts Rest' painted on it, just the same as when he was alive. We took a picture of it. I can bring it if you want me to."

"That would be interesting, Peter. What else did you see?"

"The Black Hills. The rocks were queer, and Daddy told me how they were formed."

Bruce was sitting up very straight now, staring at Peter, as the latter gave an interesting account of Fort Bridger, Temple Square in Salt Lake City and the great Bonneville Dam in the Columbia River.

"Why didn't we see any of those things?" he wondered. "We went the very same route they did. I know, because Peter and I looked it up on the map."

"Daddy," he asked his father that night, "did you know we went right through Buffalo Bill's town when we took our trip?"

"Yes, I saw it mentioned on the road map."

"Why didn't you show me? Peter saw it."

"We'd have had to make a little detour. I was trying to get to Cheyenne by nightfall."

"Why didn't we stop at Fort Bridger? It's right on the highway."

"Well, that was such a grand stretch of highway, I was doing a smooth fifty-five along there, and hated to slow down.'

As the term went on, Peter brought agates to school which he had gathered in a Wyoming field and some from an Oregon beach. He wrote an account of an organ recital he had heard in the great Mormon tabernacle in Salt Lake City and got an E on it.

Each time Peter gave an interesting report of things seen on his trip, Bruce would ask his father, "Why didn't we see that?"

The substance of the answer was always the same—a smooth stretch of highway, or wanting to get to a certain place at a certain time. But Bruce's father looked more and more thoughtful each time he made these replies.

Bruce was almost ready to cry the day he came home and told about the sea-lions' caves. "They must have been wonderful," he sighed, "Peter said you could go down a lot of steps right on the face of a high cliff by the ocean, where there were several great big caves. There they saw hundreds of sea-lions—O, I wish I had seen them!"

"So do I, Son," his father said emphatically, looking very uncomfortable.

And Bruce's next remark, "Miss Waring says Peter sure had an educational trip," didn't make him feel any better.

(Please turn to Page 13)

SUNTAN TROUBLES

"GOOD morning," said Dr. Mackenzie to the waiting young interne in the rotunda of the hospital as he entered at 8 a.m. that Monday morning. "Anything new?" It was a legend of the hospital that its clocks were set by the movements of the red-headed doctor. The interne, intellignt-looking, answered: "Yes; five or six; bad case of sunburn; a blonde mannequin of a well-known department store spent Sunday with her sweetheart splashin' round Wasaga Beach. Got a proper scorching; came in here hysterical at four this morning."

"What did you do for her?" enquired the doctor as they moved towards the elevator. "Gave her a hypo," replied the interne. "Six please," he said to the elevator attendant; "—and sprayed her with 2 per cent tannic. She's easier now."

* * *

THERE is a present-day craze on the part of young men and women to acquire a rapid tan. Because of this a mid-summer holiday may be spoiled the first day.

A healthy tan may be secured and a painful sunburn escaped by making the first sunbaths brief. It takes about 16 days safely and properly to tan the body of a child.

Taken in proper doses a sunburn has a most beneficial effect on one's body. The ultra-violet rays of the sun activate the ergosterol in the skin and produce vitamin D. This vitamin has the specific action of retaining calcium and phosphorus in the body and of the building of bone. Sunlight is of the most value in the early parts of the day, from dawn to mid-day during June and July.

* * *

THE noonday sun should be avoided and the first exposures should be to the limbs, changing the posture every 15 minutes. During the bath itself beginners should alternate between shade and sunshine. The head should be protected. Application of a vegetable oil before sunbathing is useful; the oil reflects the sunlight from the skin.

The brown-skinned tolerate the sun best and the fairhaired and redheaded worst of all. The effect of tan is to increase the pigment in the skin. The pigment absorbs the short waves of the sun.

TREATMENT—The application of a saturated solution of the homely Epsom salts is one of the most effective methods of relieving the pain of a sunburn. Baking soda and water, vaseline, carbolized vaseline or salt and vinegar give similar relief. In treatment the spraying of the parts with 2 per cent tannic acid is very effective.—J. W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.

Are You "Worth Your Salt"?

HOW often do we hear that phrase employed! Perhaps we do badly at an exam, or let our side down at cricket, and immediately up goes the cry, "You're not worth your salt!' Have you ever tried to discover the origin of the phrase?

Long ago, in the days of the Feudal System—of which you read in your history books—the salt-cellar marked a definite cleavage in society. Servants then did not dine in the kitchen as they do now. They sat at the same table as the master and mistress, only they occupied the lower end of the table. The salt-cellar marked the dividing line between rich and poor. The serf dare not presume to sit "above the salt," nor would a master dream of sitting "below the salt."

You can understand, then, what an important place salt occupied in the lives of men in those far-off days.

Salt, however, was also very important to the Roman soldier. It reminded him of pay day. Instead of dealing out rations to his men, a quartermaster would sometimes give them money so that they could provide themselves with food.

That food allowance was known as "salt-money," and later on as "wages." The word used was "salarium"—the Latin word for "salt" being, as you know, "sal"—from which our English word "salary" is derived.

So you see, when one is said not to be worth his salt the implication is that he is not worth his wages.—Junior Recorder.

JUST THINK

ARE the trains too slow for you? Caesar, with all his court, never exceeded the speed limit.

Are the lights too dim? David wrote his Psalms by the light of a smoke torch.

Something wrong with the steak? The children of China are starving for want of a crust of bread.

Are you tired? Jacob was tired when he dreamed of the angels of heaven.

Are you sick? Suppose you had lived two thousand years ago when sickness was fatal.

Why fret? Cheer up!—Sunshine.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. Through His works and through His Law.
2. "The heavens declare the glory of God."
3. That if we observe and think of them they will teach us about God.
4. As a bridegroom in splendid attire. As a strong man rejoicing to run a race.
5. "The Law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."
6. "Restoring the life."
7. "More to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold."
8. Psalm 19:14.

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Keep your WITS WORKING

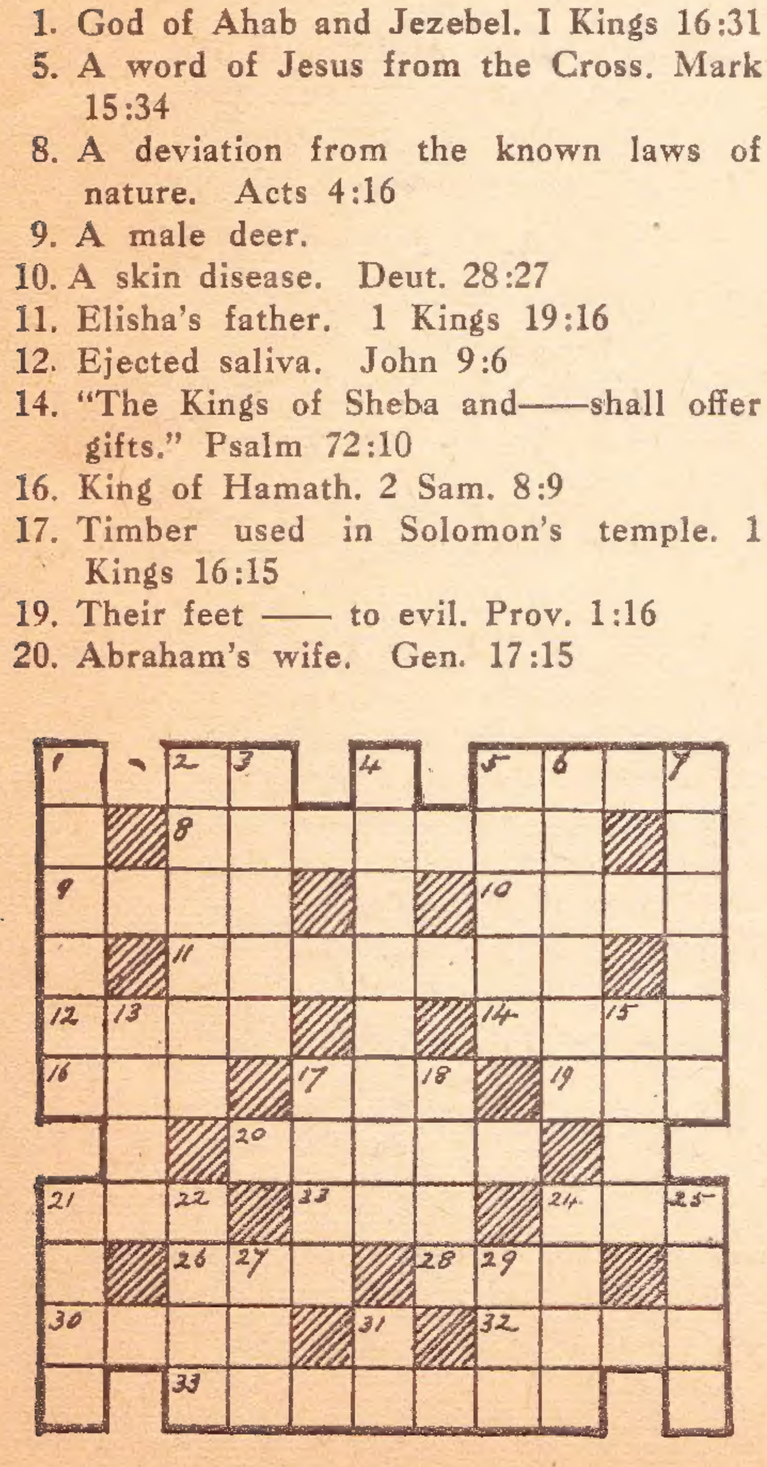
BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Down

1. Lowest. Dan. 4:17.
2. A descendant of Levi. 1 Chron. 6:25
3. "Ye are the — of the world." Matt. 5:14
4. Wife of Ananias. Acts 5:1
5. Appeared on the mountain of transfiguration. Mark 9:4
6. Claudius wrote a — to Felix. Acts 23:25
7. A descendant of Seir. Gen. 36:26
13. "Blessed be ye—; for yours is the kingdom of God." Luke 6:20
15. "Did not our heart —— within us." Luke 24:32
17. "So shall the rich man —— away in his ways." James 1:11.
18. Resounded. 1 Kings 1:45
21. To untie. Isa. 58:6
22. "Their words seemed to them as —— tales." Luke 24:11
24. Lamech's wife. Gen. 4:19.
25. "I am the —— of the sheep." John 10:7
27. A returned exile from Babylon. Ezra 10:34
29. Interjection. Isa. 44:16
31. What the horse saith. Job 39:25

Across

1. God of Ahab and Jezebel. I Kings 16:31
5. A word of Jesus from the Cross. Mark 15:34
8. A deviation from the known laws of nature. Acts 4:16
9. A male deer.
10. A skin disease. Deut. 28:27
11. Elisha's father. 1 Kings 19:16
12. Ejected saliva. John 9:6
14. "The Kings of Sheba and——shall offer gifts." Psalm 72:10
16. King of Hamath. 2 Sam. 8:9
17. Timber used in Solomon's temple. 1 Kings 16:15
19. Their feet —— to evil. Prov. 1:16
20. Abraham's wife. Gen. 17:15
21. Father of Moses' chief craftsman. Ex. 31:2
23. A son of Jacob. Gen. 35:25
34. Conjunction. Job 1:3.
26. "In —— season we shall reap." Gal. 6:9
28. A son of Jacob. Gen. 35:26
30. A valley. Gen. 14:17
32. A nephew of Abraham. Gen. 22:22
33. Samuel's father. 1 Sam. 1:1



HOW OLD WAS HE?

An old gentleman who was asked his age refused the information but, being fond of posers himself, he replied by saying, "I remember the time when by multiplying my age by my age it gave the year in which I was born."

How old was he?

RIDDLES CONTRIBUTED BY CHUMS

1. What car is named after a Bay?
2. What car is named after an Indian chief?
3. What did the old woman say when she looked into the flour barrel?

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Read This—Captain Forbes sailed his forces to the West Indies and fed them on potatoes.

Riddles Old and New.—1. Because they never saw it. 2. Because they give us ice creams (high screams). 3. Because you spell it with more ease, (ee's). 4. When you put a leek (leak) in it. 5. Because they make people steel (steal) pens, and tell them they do write (right). 6. Because his tale comes out of his head.

Tangled Lakes—1. Great Bear. 2 Great Slave. 3. Erie. 4. Superior. 5. Ontario. 6. Winnipeg.

ANSWERS TO NATURE QUESTIONS

Nature Questions—1. The Green Parrots lay eggs while kept caged, but the eggs do not hatch. 2. Over 100 kinds of fish make nests to hold their eggs. 3. Though the head of a crocodile is often over two feet in length the brain cavity is about the length of one's first finger and only half that width. 4. Three gallons. 5. More. The Reindeer's milk is 17.2% fat compared with 5 or 7% for the best grade milk cows. Nature, owing to the severity of Northern winters, demands a richer food for the baby deer to suckle. 6. The ripple-marks noticeable on a fish scale are comparable to growth rings on the trunk of a tree. 7. Seven weeks. 8. The King Penguin. 9. Three hundred.

—Helen E. Ruyle, in Madison Cooper's Garden Magazine.

Gasps and Giggles

FOND FAREWELL

Departing Wife: "Ye canna' come ony further—ye'll hiv' tae get a platform ticket—it'll cost tuppence."

Reckless Husband: "Dinna bother aboot the cost—it's worth it."

Along a country road came a $7,000 limousine. As it caught up with small car, the owner of the big car could not resist the temptation to slow down and jolly the other driver a bit.

"Goodness, man," he said, "what is it about your car that makes such a dreadful rattling sound?"

"That? Oh, that's the $6,500 jingling around in my pocket," said the small car driver.

"This ticket has expired," the ticket inspector told Dad.

"What does that mean?"

"It's out of date."

"Don't worry about that,' said Dad. "I'm pretty old-fashioned myself."

THE MAIN LION

Mary: "Why do they keep lions at the telephone office?"

Teacher: "Why do you ask such a question, Mary?"

Mary: "Well, when I call my daddy sometimes the central girl says, 'The lion is busy'."

According to a medical man, tall, slim people are the most energetic.

Nevertheless, they always lie longest in bed.

Little Sonny was enthusiasticaly telling his granddad all about the boys' summer camp.

"After all, though," he remarked, "you were rather glad to get home, weren't you?"

"Well," replied the lad, thoughtfully, "not specially." Then after a bit he added: "Some of the fellows were—those that had dogs."

Nothing is more annoying to a well dressed man than to find that his back stud has become unfastened. His choler immediately rises.

The Same Trip

(Continued from Page 11.)

A few nights later, he brought home several pamphlets. "We might go to Detroit for a new car, next summer," he said. "So I want you to hunt up the interesting places we'll pass. Make a list of them. We may not be able to stop at all of them, but each day, we'll see whatever we consider the most worthwhile."

DAMSON CHEESE

Damsons and preserving sugar. Take the stalks from the damsons. Place the fruit in a large stewpan. Cover closely and cook very slowly till perfectly soft. Next rub through a fine sieve. Measure up the pulp, place in a pan with the addition of twelve to sixteen ounces of sugar to every pint of pulp; it is best to allow a full pound if it is to be kept. Boil until the greater part of the syrup has evaporated and the pulp has become rather on the stiff side. Stir frequently at first, then constantly until cooked. Turn into small jars and cover closely.

MULBERRY JELLY

Mulberries for this purpose should not be too ripe. Allow one pint of water to each quart of mulberries. Wash the fruit and simmer it in the water till soft enough to be crushed with a wooden spoon. Strain through a jelly bag then measure up the resulting liquid. To every pint, allow an equal amount of sugar. Place the juice and sugar (which should be warmed) in a preserving pan, stir together over a gentle heat, until the sugar has dissolved, then boil together, till the syrup jellies quickly when cold.

QUINCE CONSERVE

Wash, peel, and core about six good-sized quinces. Stew the skins, and core slowly in one quart of water for one hour. Strain the syrup through a muslin and pour back into the pan. Add half a pound of loaf sugar, then the quinces. These should be cut up and allowed to stew for two hours over a very low gas. The conserve should never be allowed to boil.

Accidents Will Happen

REBECCA VENABLE

THE day was warm and the drug store was crowded with ice cream soda sippers clustered about every table and along the counter. A little girl and her mother came in, a smiling, attractive pair—the woman smartly dressed and the child immaculate in a white frock. They found two vacant places, and the little girl wriggled into hers with pleased excitement. They ordered chocolate ice cream sodas.

The two tall glasses came, frosted with cold. The little girl sat up very tall to reach above the rim and was eating the bubbly brown foam off the top when suddenly, and accidentally of course, she overturned the nearly full glass. A chocolate flood of soda and ice cream overflowed the table top and the white dress and made a chocolate lake with a round ice cream island on the floor.

"Oh!" gasped the child and looked wide-eyed and stricken at her mother.

Everybody sat speechless and waited for a scolding to deluge the horrified little person.

But it didn't. If the mother was dismayed, she didn't show it. She wasn't cross, and she didn't yank or lecture her embarrassed small daughter. You could see the little girl relax as she caught her mother's reassuring smile. She smiled back and sat very still while the woman quietly checked the dripping liquid before they moved to another table. The clerk arrived with towels and a mop, and this was followed by another glass of soda, and the treat was resumed with no more ado than that. The child carefully began on the fresh glass, and the two went on smiling and talking together companionably.

As a mother's act it was superb. And it is a pretty safe prediction that a grateful little girl will be much more cautious with chocolate sodas from now on than if she had been humiliated with the reproof that usually accompanies such occurrences.

"Don't you admire a woman like that?" approved my friend as we finished our own sodas. "That little girl," she reflected, "will never be afraid of her mother because she knows she'll never be scolded unjustly."

Later I met the woman socially and spoke of the incident.

"Why," she said simply, "it never occurred to me to scold Margaret. She didn't mean to spill the soda. I've always had a feeling of resentment on seeing children jerked around and embarrassed in public on account of accidents. I try to treat Margaret with as much consideration as I like to receive." Then, smiling a little, "I'm pretty proud of the way she comes to me and tells me things confidentially." And then more seriously, "She knows she can trust me not to scold or laugh at her or betray her to anyone afterward. I think there's nothing a child resents as much as to have a confidence come boomeranging back in public to everyone's amusement but hers. Don't you?"

"Yes," I answered.

"I want my little girl to like me. I don't want a dutiful affection just because I happen to be her mother.—But, oh, my! that chocolate was hard to get out," she added with a twinkle.

"Lady," said I to myself, "as a mother you're a colossal success!"

LISTENING

By Frances Card.

WHEN daddy's listening to the news
He says, "Now go away";
He says, "Don't bother me,
I haven't time to play."

He doesn't even want me
To climb upon his knee,
He's listening to the broadcast,
And he's busy as can be.

But when we listen in to God
At prayer time, we're like mice,
The early birds are chirping
And the house feels still and nice.

We three are very happy,
And we're quiet as can be,
While God speaks right inside our hearts
To mummy and daddy and me.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

World Peace

WORLD PEACE depends on individuals. Only God can give peace, and He cannot give it to people who insist on harboring grudges, resentments or even aloofness to their neighbors.

* * *

Peace can only come through men of goodwill. If God can love us with all our faults, He can surely give us love for our neighbors with all their faults.

* * *

If Christians truly begin to love their neighbors there will soon be a great many more Christians.

If *everyone* loves his neighbor there can be no more war.

Life is short and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are travelling the dark way with us! Oh, be swift to love! Make haste to be kind!

The flowers of youth may fade, but the summer, the autumn, and even the winter of human existence have their majestic grandeur, which the wise man recognizes and glorifies.—Amiel.

"Good courage breaks ill luck to pieces."

Though man a thinking being is defined
Few use the great prerogative of mind.
How few think justly of the thinking few!

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, AUGUST 2, 1940.

LORD HALIFAX, CHRISTIAN STATESMAN

LOOKING back to the great days of Gladstone and Bright and Lincoln and Laurier and the days further back of William Pitt and Edmund Burke, people have said that the art of oratory has decayed.

The crisis through which we are passing has, however, as it were, lifted men's hearts, fired their souls and touched their tongues so that they have spoken words which will be treasured as among the great utterances of all time.

Among the responsible statesmen who have recently uttered great thoughts in noble words are Mr. Churchill, President Roosevelt and Mr. Mackenzie King.

Of all great speeches there has been none greater than that of Lord Halifax on Monday, July 16. It would be well were it read over and over again.

The pre-eminent thing about Edward Lindley Wood, Viscount Halifax, is that he is a Christian man. The story has often been told that when as Lord Irwin he was appointed Governor-General of India, critics said that it was a mistake to appoint a man who was eminent as a Christian as Viceroy of India, a country the bulk of whose peoples were non-Christians.

It happened that the Viceroy's ship docked on Good Friday morning. A great official welcome with banqueting and speeches had been prepared for the King's representative. Lord Irwin sent his regrets, saying that it was his custom to spend Good Friday in meditation and prayer and that on the eve of undertaking great responsibilities he felt the greater necessity of doing so.

Shallow politicians immediately said that Lord Irwin had here thrown away whatever small chance he had of being a popular and successful Governor-General.

But the critics were wrong. The people of India are religious. Many of them are searchers after God "if happily they might find Him Who is not far from any one of us."

Religious themselves, they understood a religious man. Lord Irwin became one of India's greatest governors. His personal conferences with Mr. Gandhi and other Indian leaders had a deep and lasting effect.

When Lord Halifax (his later title) took office as Foreign Secretary he had to do with Hitler, who is a very different man from Gandhi. Under Mr. Chamberlain he tried an "appeasement" policy to the utmost. This very fact, however, shows that he is a man of peace and that Hitler's claims that "Britain wants war" are absurd.

Lord Halifax crystallized all our desires, all our determination in one sentence of his great speech,

> *"We shall go forward, seeing clearly both the splendor and the perils of the task, but strengthened by the faith through which by God's help, we try to do His service, we shall prevail."*

And this man of God calls the British people, the Christian people the world around, to prayer in this time of crisis. And hear his definition of prayer:

"Prayer is not only asking God for what we want, but rather the way to learn to trust Him, to ask that we may know His will, and do it with all our strength."

How different this faith in God and the consciousness that He has a part for each of us in His plan for the world to the frightfulness tactics of the egoist dictator.

"THE ONLY DEFENCE"

A NOTABLE worker for peace is Sir Norman Angell, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1933. In 1910 he published a book, "The Grand Illusion" in which he showed that every war resulted in a dead loss to both victor and vanquished, because the nations are so bound together by economic interests that injury and loss to one means injury and loss to all.

Sir Norman, who was uprooted from his home on an English island by German bombers, is on this continent and will deliver lectures in the United States and Canada.

Interviewed by John R. Sturdy for the Montreal *Gazette*, he said that he had been called a pacifist, but the pacifism which he had been preaching for many years was the pacifism of a united front.

"When nations realize that they can only defend themselves against violence when they have a common front, this world will be safe. If that doesn't come about, what is happening today will happen again."

"We cannot defend ourselves against violence if we refuse to make every sacrifice," he said. "And we cannot win unless we create a defensive front."

"If the British beat Germany this time, and if we say to Norway and Holland and Belgium, 'Here, you're free again,' and let it go at that, . . . there will be another war, there will be more invasions. Violence will recur, and it will take its toll again unless the nations are combined to stop it.

"If there is another Manchuria, another Spain, another Czechoslovakia—violence will run rampant through the world once more, as it is doing today.

"You ask me if nations would be willing to give their sovereignty and independence to make a defensive front possible?" Sir Norman declared, "They must. And independence is pretty much a myth, isn't it? You can't say that the United States is independent. Their whole way of life is being changed down there because of Hitler. They are spending billions of dollars—they're paying for Hitler."

Sir Norman's words should carry weight. International rivalry received a terrible lesson in the war of 1914-18. It is receiving an even more severe lesson today.

Our whole effort, for the present, is rightly keyed up to defeat Hitler, but we must look forward to the new world that must be created after the War.

A League of Nations as real as the Canadian federation of provinces or the American federation of states must be brought about. Strength will be found in unity for "we are members one of another." Moreover, we are members of a human family divinely intended to be a brotherhood . Just as a household divided against itself cannot stand, so the democratic family of nations if divided against one another will be unable to withstand the forces of destruction and evil in no matter what form they arise.

Hitler's "Peace" or God's Peace

VISCOUNT HALIFAX, British Foreign Secretary, answered Mr. Hitler's "peace offer" with a declaration that Britain will "not stop fighting until freedom for ourselves and others is secure."

We reproduce the concluding paragraphs of his great speech, one of the noblest ever delivered. Speaking of the sympathy of the people of the United States with the cause of right and justice, Lord Halifax said:

"For this reason, I have no doubt that the King's broadcast last Christmas, when he spoke of putting our hand in the hand of God, went home to them as it did to us.

Where will God lead us? Not, we may be sure, through easy or pleasant paths, that is not His way. He will not help us to avoid our difficulties. What He will do is to give to those who humbly ask, the spirit that no dangers can disturb.

"The Christian message to the world brings peace in war; peace where we most need it; peace of soul.

"It is that same Christian message which makes its giver, who is God, the best friend with whom a man can share life or death. Those of us who cannot serve in the armed forces must all do our best in other ways to help them. I'm sure we shall.

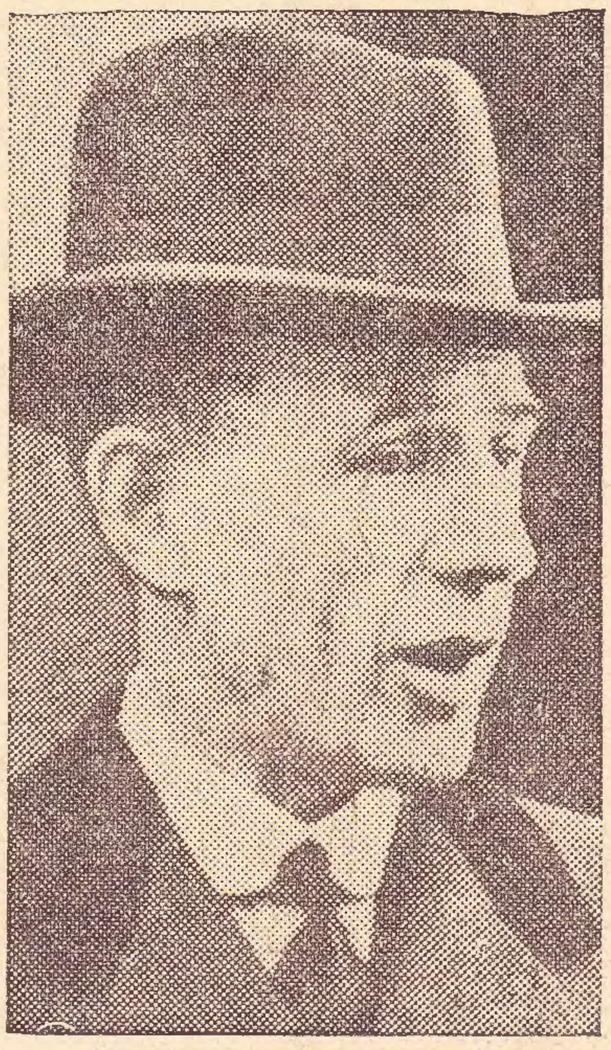
And there is one thing we can all do, soldiers, sailors, airmen and civilians, men, women and children all together, which may be much more powerful than we know. And this is to pray.

"I heard the other day of a Yorkshire village where after all the talk about a fifth column the people had agreed to form a sixth column, in which they pledged themselves to try and give a few minutes each day in God's house to prayer. We shall naturally ask God to take care of those we love and to bless the cause for which our country is at war. We can ask this with confidence because we know that we are trying to resist things that cannot be according to God's will.

"But prayer is not only asking God for what we want, but rather the way to learn to trust Him, to ask that we may know His will, and do it with all our strength. If we can really do our work, whatever it is, as well as we can in God's sight, it will become His work, and we can safely leave the issue in His hands.

"This, then, is the spirit in which we must march together in this crusade for Christianity.

"We and our great Dominions overseas stand, and shall continue to stand, foursquare against the forces of evil.



VISCOUNT HALIFAX

"We shall go forward, seeing clearly both the splendor and the perils of the task, but strengthened by the faith, through which by God's help, we try to do His service, we shall prevail."

Cure for Color-blindness

THERE is said to have been effected in London the first cure for color-blindness.

The patient was a 14-year-old boy, who had been rejected by the Navy owing to his disability; when at school the boy revealed that he was color-blind, for when painting he confused the colors, using red for green, and so on. His treatment started with a blood test which enabled the therapeutist to make certain readjustments.

It is stated that in a color-blind person the thousands of tiny rods and cones in the retina of the eye lack the elasticity with which they should stretch out in response to color waves.

The boy's eye nerves gradually became color-conscious after a course of dieting, radium ray treatment, and manipulation of the top vertebrae in the neck.—London Christian Herald.

"Gossip can destroy the peace and serenity of our homes."

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.—Emerson.

Obedience is what makes government, and not the names by which it is called.—Edmund Burke.

A Famous Swiss Police Dog

WIGGER VON BLASENBERG of Lausanne has become an important factor in the police department of his native city. This remarkable dog was trained a few years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Eustice, Americans, who went to Switzerland to establish the school of the "seeing eye," where German police dogs are taught to become eyes for Swiss blind.

Wigger served in this capacity for some time, but his intelligence and sagacity developed to such an extent that he was promoted to a Scotland Yard career, in which he has already made a name for himself. He is known to have aided the police of the Canton of Vaud in no less than forty difficult cases, thirty-two of which he successfully solved.

* * *

ONE day a farmer came to the police headquarters and told of a purse he had lost while ploughing his fields. Wigger was given the scent. After two hours of strenuous search he dug the purse up from under a six-inch furrow.

One of Wigger's cleverest exploits was the finding of a peasant woman who had disappeared from her home in the Jura Mountains. For days her family and friends had searched in vain. With all odds against him—a scent seventy hours old, and a heavy fall of snow in the meantime, Wigger was able to locate the woman, who had lost her way and lay buried in the snow.—Our Dumb Animals.

Service—Double

"YOU are always working," I exclaimed, as I entered the office of a business friend. "How many hours do you work each day?"

"Twenty-four," he replied with a smile. Then more seriously, "I became interested in missions and determined to go to China, but my father died and his business was in such a state that no outsider could carry it on. My mother, sisters, and younger brother were dependent upon the profits of the house, so I was obliged to remain here. I then took the support of a native preacher in China as my substitute. In that way I work twenty-four hours a day, for my representative there is working while I sleep."—Oriental Missionary Standard.

The only thing which matters when trouble is encountered is our attitude towards that trouble.—A. Carmichael. (One who has known troubles all his life).

"The occasion is piled high with difficulty and we must rise to the occasion."—Abraham Lincoln.